

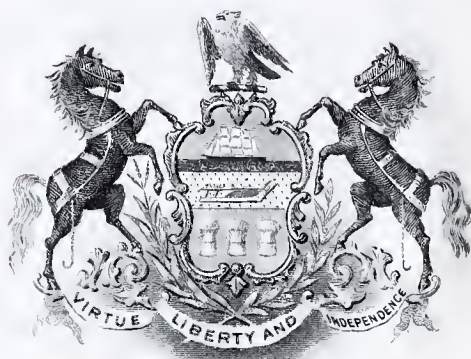
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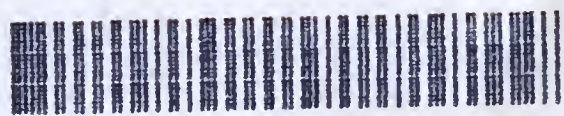
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PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
115th ANNIVERSARY DINNER
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,
AT
DELMONICO'S,
MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1899.



Reported and Published by order of the Society,
1899.

Soc. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of N.Y.

OFFICERS

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

1899.

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The 115th Anniversary Dinner of the "Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York" took place at Delmonico's (Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street) on the evening of March 17, 1899. The President of the Society, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, presided. The following members and guests were present:

GUESTS' TABLE.

Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.	Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.
Mr. Thomas B. Minahan.	Hon. Alton B. Parker.
Rev. Michael J. Lavelle.	Hon. Charles H. Van Brunt.
Mr. David McClure.	Rev. Geo. E. Strobbridge, D.D.
Hon. Bird S. Coler.	Mr. Samuel Sloan.
Hon. William R. Grace.	Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry.
St. Nicholas Society.	Hon. Thomas Fitch.
St. Andrews' Society.	St. David's Society.
St. George's Society.	Holland Society.
Southern Society.	New England Society.
Sons of Oneida.	Canadian Society.

TABLE A.

John F. Doyle.	Alfred L. Doyle.
John F. Doyle, Jr.	Charles J. Warner.
John Vesey.	Charles P. Doelger.
T. C. Dougherty.	William T. Conville.
Thomas E. Deeley.	John W. Loughran.
Frank P. Cunnion.	John H. Scully.
Rev. F. H. Wall, D.D.	Isaac N. Weiner.
James A. Mahony.	James J. Sweeney.
John J. Harrington.	John N. Cordts.
Richard J. Lyons.	Edward Kemp, Jr.
Charles B. Tooker.	R. Floyd Clarke.
Michael Duff.	William E. Stillings.
John J. Lenehan.	John B. Finn.
John M. Moser.	Isaac B. Brennan.
Walter P. Butler.	John Lynn.
Timothy J. Hayes.	S. J. O'Sullivan.
Timothy J. Murray.	William A. Deering.

N. J. Barrett.
 John Monks, Jr.
 E. J. Gavegan.
 David Wile.
 John O'Sullivan.
 C. Y. Wemple.
 C. Y. Wemple.
 Henry Y. Wemple.
 Henry Y. Wemple, Jr.
 Charles H. Knox.

P. J. Hanway.
 S. H. Wolfe.
 Louis B. Rolston.
 Louis B. Rolston.
 R. M. Walters.
 Edwin M. Post.
 Lawrence Winters.
 Stewart W. Eames.
 Rollin M. Morgan.
 Randolph Guggenheimer.

Miles M. O'Brien.

TABLE B.

F. P. Olcott.
 Hugh J. Grant.
 A. N. Brady.
 W. H. Bailey.
 Samuel A. Beardsley.
 Geo. Sherman.
 P. A. Smyth.
 John Furlong.
 I. Lounsbery Barry.
 Geo. B. Coleman.
 Rev. Jas. H. McMahon.
 Austin Finnegan.
 James J. Traynor.
 Rev. Thos. F. Murphy.
 James Reilly.
 Edward J. Stapleton.
 I. P. Callanan.
 W. J. K. Kenny.
 Jas. N. Wallace.
 George Bertine.
 Chas. F. Walters.
 Thomas F. White.
 James McGovern.
 Julian D. Fairchild.

Edw. Hassett.
 Geo. R. Sutherland.
 Wm. M. Clark.
 Jos. T. McCoy.
 F. K. Hunter.
 Wm. Delaney.
 Charles J. Farley.
 W. T. McMannis.
 B. Naughton.
 Jas. F. Keating.
 Chas. D. O'Connell.
 Thomas C. O'Sullivan.
 Daniel F. Martin.
 Jas. J. Phelan.
 Albert I. Elias.
 D. F. McMahon.
 John Byrn.
 L. Kayser.
 Jos. W. Lawrence.
 Jos. P. Day.
 Frank Rush.
 W. E. Burke.
 Geo. W. McNulty.
 Geo. E. Best.

John G. O'Keeffe.

TABLE C.

Bartholomew Moynahan.	Thomas Kirkpatrick.
James Flynn.	Francis Higgins.
John Kirkpatrick.	F. B. Delehanty.
John Whalen.	Thomas F. Keogh.
Wm. H. Hurst.	David McAdam.
A. G. Hummell.	Farrell F. O'Dowd.
John McCullagh.	James W. Osborne.
E. D. Farrell.	James A. Blanchard.
W. L. Saunders.	William H. Clark.
James Pilkington.	R. H. Mitchell.
A. J. Connick, Jr.	J. M. Tierney.
Eugene Hughes.	Edward A. Maher.
Thomas Hogan.	James Whealen.
Anson M. Bangs.	John J. Lrady
James Hughes.	Geo. F. Crowley.
Andrew J. Connick.	John C. Clingen.
Philip J. Britt.	John Goodwin.
M. E. Danenbaum.	Samuel McMillan.
John E. McDonald.	Thomas J. Dunn.
Michael T. Daly.	Frank B. Hurd.
Robert Maynicke.	Andrew Little.
J. Henry Deeves.	J. Hollis Wells.
Geo. Burnham, Jr.	Frederick T. Hume.
Wm. H. Hume.	Rev. J. O. Wilson, D. D.

Richard Deeves.

TABLE D.

Edward J. McGuire.	David O'Brien.
Edward C. James.	W. F. Baker.
John Vincent.	John P. Kenny.
Robert Bonynge.	James S. Coleman.
George W. Wingate.	Jules Brechaud.
John B. Archbold.	Charles F. Gowan.
Daniel O'Day.	B. F. Coleman.
M. F. Elliott.	J. Henry Haggerty.
James H. Snow.	A. C. Tully.
Samuel Untermeyer.	A. S. White.
S. G. Bayne.	George W. Young.

John Byrne.
 James McMahon.
 James Ross Curran.
 William H. Gelshenen.
 John T. Farley.
 Thomas R. A. Hall.
 General Patterson.
 William Rumsey.
 William G. Davies.
 Edward Patterson.
 Chester B. McLaughlin.
 Frank H. Platt.
 George C. Barrett.

George W. Young.
 George W. Young.
 Theodore Connoly.
 Walter F. Vernon.
 Colonel Donovan.
 John D. Crimmins, Jr.
 Albert G. Jennings.
 Eugene A. Philbin.
 Alfred Wagstaff.
 Henry L. Nelson.
 Frank R. Lawrence.
 Joseph C. Hendrix.
 Henry R. Beekman.

John D. Crimmins.

TABLE E.

Michael Brennan.
 James G. Johnson.
 D. M. Jones.
 James M. Bingham.
 W. F. Cahill.
 Granville F. Daily.
 Thomas J. Colton.
 John O'Connell.
 James Heffernan.
 John H. Cockburn.
 Thomas J. Kearney.
 T. J. Brady.
 R. E. Danvers.
 W. E. Paine.
 J. J. Draddy.
 A. F. Travers.
 Henry Anderson.
 M. E. Bannin.
 John J. Rooney.
 John Furey.
 Edward O'Flaherty.
 A. R. Turner, Jr.
 William Barbour.
 John H. Sprague.

Thomas M. Mulry.
 Robert W. Hebbard.
 John F. O'Rourke.
 George J. Wills.
 Thomas W. Hynes.
 John J. Pulleyn.
 Thomas Morrissey.
 Charles E. Byrne.
 John M. Dougherty.
 John A. Davidson.
 Hugh G. Curran.
 Edward Duffy.
 W. J. Fransioli.
 George W. Adams.
 M. J. Drummond.
 Patrick Ryan.
 George Clark.
 John H. Douglas.
 Joseph J. Gleason.
 John H. Mooney.
 F. C. Travers.
 Emerson McMillan.
 John Crane.
 John T. Brennan.

V. P. Travers.

TABLE F.

Thomas F. Gilroy.	Andrew J. White.
John J. Adams.	P. F. Ferrigan.
John H. McCarty.	M. J. McInerney.
Chas. Welde.	L. F. Fechtman.
Thomas J. Shanley.	Hugh G. Connell.
Rev. Charles McCready.	John F. Gouldsbury.
Patrick Farrelly.	John F. Cockerill.
T. C. Farrelly.	Stephen Farrelly.
Henry McAleenan.	Hugh O'Donoghue.
Thomas M. McCarthy.	Joseph J. O'Donohue.
H. J. Ronderbock.	William O'Donoghue.
Wm. Buchanan.	Thos. J. O'Donohue.
John McAleenan.	M. Merriman.
Joseph McAleenan.	Arthur McAleenan.
George Leitner.	Henry A. McAleenan.
B. L. Kennelly.	P. J. Casey.
Benjamin Van Dyke.	George B. Rhoades.
F. C. O'Reilly.	Daniel Lord.
M. T. Barrett.	Frank T. Fitzgerald.
A. W. Soper.	James M. Varnum.
E. B. Sheffer.	Frank Wells.
Charles A. Moore.	C. M. Mendenhall.
Henry A. Bishop.	Edward Bell.
Clinton L. Rossiter.	Herbert H. Vreeland.
Daniel M. Brady.	

TABLE G.

J. Edw. Simmons.	James Fitzgerald.
Wm. N. Penney.	Dr. Charles Phelps.
Isaac Fromme.	T. F. Barden.
John T. Oakley.	Samson Lachman.
Lewis J. Conlan.	Robert C. Brown.
James H. Breslin.	C. J. Ryan.
C. J. MacGuire.	E. W. Guindon.
Charles P. Haughian.	John F. Wallace.
F. J. Quinlan.	James Reilly.
James A. McCreery.	M. T. Wilbur.
Cornelius Callahan.	John J. Quinn.
Edmond J. Curry.	Wm. D. May.
J. T. Smith.	Josiah Westervelt.

M. R. Vedder.
 Joshua Gregg.
 H. Vedder.
 H. Van Atta.
 M. C. Spencer.
 John J. Moore.
 Terence V. Powderly.
 John J. Quinlan.
 A. Goldsmith.
 Wm. P. Mitchell.
 Francis M. Scott.

Anton Schwartz.
 Stephen J. Geoghegan.
 Joseph J. Geoghegan.
 John D. Moore.
 Michael J. Kelly.
 Paul Halpin.
 Henry Morgenthau.
 Frank T. Washburn.
 Edward Eyre.
 Wm. L. Turner.
 Thomas Costigan.

Maurice J. Power.

TABLE H.

William F. Sheehan.
 Jacob A. Cantor.
 Daniel P. Pease.
 P. J. Walsh.
 P. J. Brennan.
 Daniel E. McSweeney.
 A. L. Judson.
 W. F. Carey.
 Franklin Bartlett.
 Howard Constable
 Arthur A. McLean.
 John P. Dunn.
 James A. Deering.
 P. F. Collier.
 George L. Duval.
 Terence F. Curley.
 James Rorke.
 M. H. Haggerty.
 W. J. A. Cranitch.
 M. P. Ryan.
 Hugh King
 Peter McDonnell.
 N. Geoffroy.
 J. C. Thompson.
 William F. Grell.
 Thomas L. Feitner.
 William Clatworthy.

Augustus T. Docharty.
 John J. Scannell.
 Mark W. Brenen.
 Edward Brenen.
 Thomas S. Brennan.
 John W. Keller.
 Isaac E. Ditmars.
 Thomas J. Byrne.
 William Schickel.
 J. A. Spratt.
 T. F. Conville.
 John Connelly.
 John V. Donohue.
 Edmond J. Healy.
 Patrick Donahue.
 Edward Early.
 Charles S. Rees.
 James Kearney.
 William J. Farrell
 E. J. O'Shaughnessy.
 James A. O'Gorman.
 Joseph P. Fallon.
 John T. Lee.
 C. C. Worthington.
 Arthur T. Sullivan.
 Henry A. Gildersleeve.
 Richard G. Wiener.

Frederick Smyth.

TABLE I.

John J. Kennedy.	C. Gallagher.
Samuel E. Duffy.	Walter Pierson.
John Kearney.	D. Frank Lloyd.
William J. Fanning.	J. I. C. Clarke.
John Williams.	Joseph Mitchell.
James Livingston.	John P. Caddagan.
Bernard F. Shanley.	Frank W. Mack.
Michael J. Shanley.	John Moore.
D. J. Kane.	Joseph A. Flynn.
Michael K. Killachy.	Maurice Doran.
Henry E. Wesselman.	William P. Mellen.
Thomas Lenane.	Michael J. Mulqueen.
John E. Fitzergald.	A. E. Hull.
John Von Glahn.	P. Joseph Scully.
John B. Manning.	W. C. Rebber.
Francis L. Manning.	Edward C. Sheehy.
Timothy E. Cohalen.	Lawrence T. Fell.
James C. Roche.	John P. Dunn.
Jeremiah Dunn.	Andrew B. Murray.
Mr. Morgan.	John Slattery.
M. E. Sterne.	Frank B. Schmidt.
Michael Blake.	John B. Evart.
Thomas Millen.	Daniel F. Minahan.
Dr. Simon J. Walsh.	Thomas A. Minahan.
Daniel O'Reilly.	Daniel F. Minahan, Jr.
T. P. Riley.	Thomas P. Kelly.
James A. Pyne.	Augustin Walsh.
James C. Young.	Arama O'Donnchaidh.
Denis W. Moran.	Michael McGrath.

John P. O'Brien.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

1. THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH.....HERBERT.
Dedicated to President McKinley.
2. OVERTURE....."The Bohemian Girl".....BALFE
3. SONG....."The Low Back'd Car".....SAM'L LOVER
4. IRISH MELODIES.....GODFREY
5. GRAND AMERICAN FANTASIE.....HERBERT
Airs introduced—"Hail Columbia," "Suwanee River," "Army
Signals," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dixie,"
"Red White and Blue," concluding with
"The Star Spangled Banner."
6. EXCERPTS FROM THE OPERAS OF.....BALFE
7. FANTASIE....."The Fortune Teller".....HERBERT
8. SONG....."Maritana".....WALLACE
9. WALTZES....."The Serenade".....HERBERT
10. THE LOST CHORD.....SULLIVAN
11. GRAND FANTASIE....."Erin".....MOORE

VICTOR HERBERT'S 22D REGIMENT BAND.

TOASTS.

I.—THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.. THOMAS B. MINAHAN, ESQ.

“ Make feast, therefore, now all this live long day,
This day forever to me holy is.”—*Spenser*.

II.—THE UNITED STATES..... HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

“ On thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now;
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And as they fleet
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.”—*Bryant*.

III.—IRELAND..... REV. GEORGE E. STROBRIDGE, D. D.

“ The emerald set in the ring of the sea.”—*Moore*.

IV.—THE ARMY AND THE NAVY. HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

“ Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory ; and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet.”—*Shakespeare*.

V.—THE STATE OF NEW YORK AND ITS JUDICIARY,
HON. ALTON B. PARKER

“ Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove.”—*Wordsworth*.

VI.—THE SISTER SOCIETIES... ..

“ Friendship's the wine of life.”—*Young*.

MENU.

Huitres, Sauterne.

Potages.

Consomme Souveraine, Bisque d'écrevisses, Sherry.

Hors d'Oeuvre.

Radis, Olives, Celeri.

*Poisson.*Sheepshead au vin blanc gratine, Pommes de terre Persillade,
Sauterne.*Releve.*Selle de mouton Colbert, Tomates farcies, Pommery Sec.,
Mumm's Extra Dry, Moët & Chandon White Seal,
Clicquot, Delbeck & Co.*Entrees.*Ailles de poulet a la Finnoise, Petits pois francais,
Irish bacon and greens, Terreprene a la Maryland, Chat Couffran.

SORBET PRUNELLE.

Rots.

Pluviers, Salade de laitue, White Rock, Apollinaris,

*Entremets de Douceur.*Glaces fantaisies, Pieces montees, Liqueurs, Fruits,
Fromage, Petits fours, Cafe.

ADDRESS OF HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK AND HONORED GUESTS : We have assembled, under the auspices of this ancient and honorable Association, to celebrate for the 115th time the festival of St. Patrick, and never was it held under conditions so favorable, or with skies so clear, as in this year of '99.

It is my pleasant duty to extend to our honored guests, to our Sister Societies and to all present a hearty and sincere welcome. Never was our Society more prosperous. Our membership is full and we have a waiting list of persons willing to become members. (Applause.) In our treasury we have over fifty thousand dollars, notwithstanding that during the past year we have had unusual drafts on our funds in discharging a patriotic duty to the Sixty-ninth Regiment and other soldiers of Irish extraction who had generously offered their services and their lives, if necessary, to defend our flag and country. (Applause.) Nor did we forget our duty to the poor, among whom our annual appropriation was given. (Applause.)

The annals of Ireland are blotted with tears and blood, and in commemorating the lives of most of its heroes and its great events the theme is pervaded with an air of sorrow and of sadness which not even the glory of the event or the glamour of the hero's name can entirely dispel. In this festival of St. Patrick there is no tinge of sorrow or sadness, no associations of persecution, no retrospect of carnage and bloodshed. It symbolizes the civilization of a people and the triumph of the Cross. It is, therefore, an event, in the celebration of which all Irishmen, whether from the north or the south, and of whatsoever creed, can unite, for it is emblematic of joy and sunshine, not marred or dimmed by a single cloud. (Applause.)

It is customary upon such an occasion to refer to the heroes and achievements of the race; but such references we shall make in no factious spirit, but in one of generous rivalry to compare with others, and if at any time we may have outstripped others in the struggle for liberty, in the advancement of civilization, or in doing good to mankind, we may refer to such with pardonable pride as ideals and incentives to still greater efforts in the higher planes of human endeavor.

That Ireland has furnished heroes who have done much in the cause of civil and religious liberty is evidenced by the unequal contest

which for seven hundred years it has maintained—a contest, considering the odds, unparalleled in history for its length and severity, and which showed to the world an example of a race that had many times been conquered, but never subdued, and which has furnished a list of heroes that for all time will serve as an inspiration to mankind.

At our banquet a year ago we particularly recalled the events and the men that made forever memorable the Rebellion in Ireland of 1798. To-night our hearts are full to overflowing and our tongues are impatient to acclaim the American heroes of 1898. (Applause.) When we met last it was upon the eve of a war, the termination of which no man could foresee. With an army of 25,000 men, and a navy, whose strength was unknown, our country unhesitatingly rushed to the assistance of an oppressed people and espoused the cause of liberty and humanity. (Applause.)

At the first call of our President, a nation of free men sprang to arms, prepared to pour out its best blood and treasure to vindicate the principles for which we stood. On the intimation that the rights of man were to be vindicated, a peaceful people, engrossed in the shop, the bank, the office, was changed into a nation of soldiers, prepared to rush upon the embattled field to enforce the principle that all men are, and of right ought to be, free. The stimulating influence of such a principle on national character in a day changed an industrial nation into one of heroes, and so we now have on the honor list of our army the names of Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, and Roosevelt (applause); and in the navy, Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Hobson. (Applause.)

These men, from various stocks descended, emphasize the fact that valor and heroism are not the product of any particular soil or clime, but spring from the seed of lofty principles and generous sentiment and prove that it is a mistake for any race, whether so-called Anglo-Saxon, or Latin, Scotch or Irish, to claim for themselves traits and characteristics which, under favorable conditions, have been displayed by each and all. The strength and stability of our country are not due to the blood of any one race, but to the commingling of all, and to the development of individual character by the cultivation of the principles of civil and religious liberty.

No more striking proof is needed of the truth that right principle, more than racial blood, is necessary to the growth of heroes, than we have had exhibited by a race which, though separated from

us, yet stands side by side with us in forming our citizenship. A generation ago it was a race of slaves. To-day, it has its representatives among our heroes. Not all the waters of the ocean can make it white, for it wears the burnished livery of the sun. But it earned its place in history by the side of the Irish at Fontenoy and the Old Guard at Waterloo, when the colored regular regiments went up to death on San Juan hill, with their merry eyes twinkling and their white teeth gleaming, singing as they went, "*Climbing up de Golden Stairs.*" (Loud applause.)

"Hush! and quit you' cryin',
Quit you' cryin', baby mine,
For de mist is on de hillside
And de stars begin ter shine.
No use cryin' for you' daddy,
For he's left us both forlorn
And he's sleepin' neef de palm leaves
On de hillside at San Juan.

He was only jes a nigger,
But he answered to de call,
And de white folks fit beside him
And de white folks seen him fall.
He am sleepin' on de hillside
Neef de Southern moon's soft shine.
When de bloody charge was ended
He'd wiped out de color line!" (Applause.)

The recognition of this fact must necessarily tend to bring closer together the human race and to destroy the theory that "mountains interposed make enemies of men." The marvelous achievements of science, the telegraph, the railroad, the electrical and mechanical appliances which have been placed at the disposal of man have succeeded almost in annihilating time and space, so that nations the most distant are no longer strangers, but they have begun to understand each other's rights and feel for each other's wrongs.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
"Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
"Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
"Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
"In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

The growth of international sympathies will, therefore, result in the distribution of peoples, not on geographical lines, but on the lines of

principle, and it will thus come to pass that in the glory and pride of the heroes of one race all will have an equal share.

Nor is it difficult to formulate the contending principles upon which the fate of all humanity depends. For more than a century the conflict has been fiercely waging between Monarchy and Democracy. Its first outburst in the last century resulted in our independence, and was followed by the Revolution in France and by the Revolt of '98 in Ireland. Since that time, the flow of the great tides of Democracy no power has been able to turn back. That principle, though it may be impeded, can never again be stayed, and is destined finally to win the freedom of the human race. That it cannot be successfully assailed by numbers or power, a century of history has proved; and our war with Spain demonstrates what will be the final outcome of the contest between Monarchy and Democracy.

We have in this Republic set up the temple of liberty and secured for it an abiding place, and thence shall emanate all movements for the spread of the spirit of Democracy, which, wherever it is planted, means the liberation of a people. This movement to accelerate the progress of the democratic idea can be greatly aided by a better understanding between all, from whatever race they may have sprung, if they can be united on that one principle, however they may differ on other subjects.

With a knowledge of the various races of which our country is composed, and of the fact that any formal alliance with a foreign power would necessarily be entangling, we think that the American sentiment should be crystallized against any such formal alliance. This, however, does not include a rejection of any support which we may receive from, or friendly intercourse with, the people of any country which may enable us to advance the ideas and principles for which we stand in favor of liberty, democracy and universal emancipation. (Applause.)

It is important at this time that we should note the distinction between formal alliances with a foreign power and a willingness to be on friendly terms with those who are prepared to stand with us for what we represent. For while I believe there is a decided sentiment against a formal alliance with any foreign government, there is a feeling, it seems to me, in favor of the formation and maintenance of the friendliest relations between people that stand for the same principles. And whether such friendly relations can be established,

or overtures to that end come from the people of England, or Germany, or Russia, or France, or any other country, they should be cheerfully and gladly recognized by the American people. (Applause.)

For we can distinguish between the sympathies of the masses and the acts of the ruling or governmental classes. (Applause.)

We have not forgotten the hostile attitude assumed by England in the Revolutionary struggle, nor in the War of 1812, nor in the late Civil War. But, notwithstanding this, it did not make her recent friendly attitude any less welcome. We can never, in the case of a nation, any more than in that of an individual, entirely foreclose the right to redeem the past, or the right to seize upon an opportunity to change a position or policy from an unfriendly into a friendly one. It may become a question whether the change is sincere and unselfish; and that in turn may depend upon the conditions existing when the change occurs.

What is true of America seems to me equally true in reference to Ireland. The unfriendly attitude of England to Ireland has been accentuated by a more prolonged, bitter and unjust persecution. But notwithstanding the centuries of oppression, Ireland did not hesitate to accept with manifestations of approval the change which a few years ago, under the leadership of Gladstone, a majority of the English people underwent in their views as to the policy to be pursued toward Ireland. No man more bitterly arraigned the conduct of England than Mr. Gladstone; and it was because he started in to right, in some measure, the wrongs which Ireland had suffered that the Irish people, always more amenable to kindness than to force or persecution, were disposed, through their leaders in Parliament, to act with him in obtaining some redress for Ireland's grievances. Although the effort then failed, it does not lessen the debt which all Irishmen and their descendants owe to those Englishmen who, actuated by a sense of justice, were willing to unite with the Irish people to secure Home Rule and national autonomy for Ireland.

The conditions then needed for success are now seemingly present; for not alone have we the sentiment in America and among the masses of the English people favorable to Home Rule, but never before, except under the leadership of one of Ireland's greatest statesmen, Charles Stewart Parnell (applause), have the Irish people themselves been so thoroughly united. Hence it is that to-night our

hearts are full of joy, not alone for the great victories won by our own country in the vindication of the principles of liberty, but also because the people and race with whom we are associated by ties of blood and who still live in the old land have before them the prospect that the long night of darkness and gloom is past, and that the silver lining appears upon the cloud, which is a sure harbinger of a bright and glorious day when resplendent shall appear the true Sunburst of Ireland. (Applause.)

The working of the spirit of democracy among all races, the longing for the blessings that flow from civil and religious liberty, and which are inciting the masses in countries where they are oppressed to rise in mutiny, should not deceive us and sweep us onward in a torrent which would carry us out upon an ocean, the boundaries of which we do not fully discern. The future will present for solution many grave problems of national policy. But there are some which can be safely solved only if we adhere to the lessons and voices of our Revolutionary forefathers, and, instead of being carried away by our success and prosperity, harken to the wisdom of those who gave us this country as a blessed heritage of freedom.

If we are to remain true to the principles which have so successfully in the past built up our country and secured our present, we must recognize not alone the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty, but the foundation upon which those principles rest, namely, the doctrines of universal suffrage and the equality of man.

As the outcome of the war with Spain, there has been imposed upon this nation the obligation of replacing despotic governments by orderly and humane administration; and to that end it may be essential, either permanently or only for a time, to retain control of the territories involved. But whatever may be the conclusion reached on that point, whether we are to have expansion as the future policy of this country, or no expansion, unless we would weaken the principles upon which our own government was founded, let us not conceive the ambition of starting upon a career of conquest, of reducing strange peoples to the condition of vassals or subjects, or look forward with pleasure to any of the dazzling splendors of imperialism, unless we associate therewith the view that, in accordance with the traditions and teachings of the fathers, we will recognize the brotherhood of man, and in accepting dominion over those far-away islands we will extend to their inhabitants the rights of free American citi-

zens, entitled to share in the blessings which we have enjoyed in the recognition of the equality of man and in the exercise of universal suffrage. (Applause.)

Whatever, therefore, in the way of territorial aggrandizement may be the destiny of our country, let us not seek to augment our national wealth or individual prosperity at the expense of the liberty of other peoples, but fearlessly and resolutely face the responsibilities we have assumed with a determination to discharge them in some way consistent with the rights of man, consistent with the principles upon which our government was founded, consistent with right and justice and with the spirit of our Constitution, upon which depends our peace, our liberty and our happiness. If unwilling to accord them full rights, then in God's name let us set them free and permit them unmolested to work out their own salvation. (Applause.)

The principles for which this Republic stands have been beautifully symbolized in the Statue of Liberty which guards the entrance to our harbor, and which, though coming from one, may justly be regarded as a tribute to those principles by all the nations of the earth. Were we to enter upon a career of conquest, and, instead of setting free, hold in subjugation any people, self-respect would require us to send back the Statue of Liberty, because then no longer would we furnish the highest type of free government, and no longer be regarded as the refuge of the oppressed of nations. (Applause.)

Let us rather retain our own national respect by feeling that this beautiful statue fitly typifies our country in holding aloft the torch of liberty as a beacon to the oppressed, to enlighten the world and to express the sentiment of universal emancipation, retaining upon her head the crown and the star of empire as the gift of a free people, and at her feet the everlasting rock of independence. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, I know it will be a source of pleasure to the Friendly Sons to have me mention the fact that during the last few years a number of organizations have grown up, particularly in the West and the South, which have done us the honor to take our name, and are known as "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" (applause). We have here to-night a gentleman who is the representative of one of those societies, who comes from Columbus, Ohio (applause). I am sure you will accord him a hearty welcome. I take great pleasure in presenting, as a gentlemen who will respond to

the first sentiment of the evening, "The Day We Celebrate," Thomas B. Minahan of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Columbus, Ohio (applause).

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS B. MINAHAN.

You ask me, gentlemen, to voice some sentiment worthy of the day we celebrate.

I think I can read upon this flag a lesson whose sublime and beautiful meaning should now be written in letters of fire upon the Irish heart.

Charles Sumner, I always thought, added a brighter page to his country's history when he persuaded the North to forbear writing upon the battle-flags the victories of the rebellion. A reunion of hearts embittered; a reunion of States dissevered; this, gentlemen, was the whitest flower of our civilization plucked by the armies of Grant, of Sherman and of Sheridan; of McClellan, of Meade and of Hancock—this, I say, was the whitest flower they plucked from the bloody fields of our Marathons and our Leuctras (applause).

Who so much as Irishmen should study the sublime meaning of this one, magic word UNION?

Some one says the poet is deeper than his song, the sculptor greater than his marble, the painter grander than his canvas. I say to you to-night the cause of Ireland is dearer, holier, immeasurably grander than any or all of her leadership put together (applause).

As a practical result of the day we celebrate, as a gathering up and fusing into one bright crystal all the sentiments expressed to-night throughout the globe I would like to hear this word Union, UNION! I would like to hear it throbbing back to Ireland through the cable from five continents. I would clothe that word in the majesty of fifteen millions of Irishmen abroad; I would mail it with the indignation of the whole Irish race, and I would hurl it, as the wrath of God, into the midst of the yet bickering, trifling, factious leadership of the Irish people. I would like, I say, to see this word Union—the word we Americans wrote upon our flag in the blood of a million of our heroes—I would like to see it now red with the lightnings of sternest meaning; I would like to see it flash in the eyes of Redmond and Healy, until in its holy light we might see the leadership of Ireland wrapt again in the mantle of patriotism worthy of an Emmet—or

forever crawl in infamy more despicable and damnable than that of a LeCaron or a Pigot (applause).

As factors in the fight, as men who have stood by them in the past, who are willing to stand by them even with our blood; as men having some right to speak, Irish-Americans, with all the earnestness of trembling hope and fear; one and all, we denounce disunion in any shape or form as traitorous. Yes, as damnable! Against this spirit of dissension all the past rises to-night in judgment.

From out the blood-stained records of Irish history; from out the Pantheon of Ireland's statesmen, her heroes and her martyrs; from every spot where genius and heroism have offered up the sacrifice of bright and noble lives; from the old Parliament House, where English cunning overthrew the liberties gained by Grattan and the Volunteers; from stout Athlone and Cromwell-cursed Drogheda; from the shattered walls of Limerick, where Sarsfield held the breach and forced the broken treaty of 1691; from the plains of Landen and Ramillies; from Oudinard and Malplaquet; from the lonely, unepitaphed grave in the City of Dublin where sleep, "With fame's eternal sunshine on their slumbers," the ashes of Emmet (applause)—the best-loved rebel that ever unsheathed the consecrated brand of Irish rebellion; from St. Agatha's in Rome, where rests the pulseless heart of O'Connell (applause), shrined near the representative temple of the faith to whose unhounded worship he emancipated a nation; from the gallows of the "Noble Three,"—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien (applause); from round the world to-night where the men of our race are welded in union beautiful as the emblematic trinity of the shamrock on the flag; from the whole American Press—always the storm-tried anchor of Ireland's best hope; from the burning hearts of the living as well as the sacred ashes of the dead, an indignant protest assails the abettors of disunion, crying out: "Away with it!" "Away with it!" (applause).

Classic literature tells us that Hannibal was sworn by his father, Hamilcar, upon the altar of his country, to eternal enmity with Rome, In the case of the Irish father, I take it, such an oath would be altogether superfluous. Hatred for the English government runs in the Irish blood, whether it be beneath the Equator under the Southern Cross, in the frozen solitudes of the North, or here,

"With freedom's soil beneath his feet," the Irishman, to the latest generation, will curse the government of England; he will op-

pose its policy and fight against its power wherever the slimed track of the serpent shall cross the path of his exiled wanderings. (Applause).

I would not have you misunderstand me. Ireland's fight is not, and never has been, with the "plain people" of England. It is rather against the same privileged classes, the same landlord aristocrats, the descendants of the same Tories who would have hung George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Patrick Henry, with as little compunction as they murdered Emmet or the martyrs of Manchester. (Applause.)

If the English people, themselves too long the foot-stool of a worn-out, corrupt aristocracy—if they would only advance under the leadership of some Hampden to the last Runymede of their history; if, instead of putting the English sceptre in the libertine hand of her successor, they would just kick the bauble of the Queen's crown into the Thames; if some fine morning they would assemble at Buckingham Palace and change it into an English White House, with some Gladstone in the presidential chair, England and Ireland would soon forget the tears and blood of the past. Fontenoy and the Boynewater would soon fade upon the page of history. No longer hereditary enemies, the two people might go forward as our own Massachusetts and South Carolina, heart-bound to the realization of a splendid common destiny. (Applause.)

There is another topic closely and practically in touch just now with the day we celebrate.

In this thoughtful, enthusiastic, splendid gathering, so characteristic of our every-day national life, I think I see the most apt, striking, forceful, and withal, complete reply to all this latter-day rant and rot about Americans being Anglo-Saxon. (Applause.)

In the warm, congenial, cosmopolitan presence that honors this festal board every narrow, un-American sentiment of race distinction withers and shrivels as though touched with a flame from the lamp of universal brotherhood burning upon the altar of our world-wide American citizenship. (Applause.)

Who would mar a scene like this with any invidious distinction of race or creed? I take it there are here about me men whose ancestors came from the frozen climes of the North and the sunny lands of the South; men whose lineage goes back to the Thames and the Tweed, to the Rhine-land and the Vine-land, to the Shannon and

the Scheldt. Unless you gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of New York differ widely from your brothers in Ohio, I see here in the genial glow of social intercourse the kindest—I see mingled Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Slav. Thank God for any day whose celebration can bring to us the realization of such noble brotherhood among the races of men as that exemplified in your presence. This, indeed, is truly American!

“O, blood of the people, changeless tide, through century,
creed and race!

Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by
sun and place;

The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered
seas;

Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies.

Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and
Gaul—

Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the sounding
unifies all!

One love, one hope, one duty, theirs! No matter the time
or ken,

There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men.”
(Applause.)

As one born upon her soil, reared in her institutions, proud of my country's great past and jealous of its greater future, I want to say this: *Accursed be the meddling influence, foreign or domestic, which would poison with the worn-out bitterness of race the well-springs of our singular, incomparable American citizenship.* (Applause.)

You, sir, may boast descent from the colonizing, nation-founding Saxon. You are proud of it. So are we all—of Yankee Saxons.

Your memories take you back, perhaps, to the storied Rhine and the proud traditions of the land of Bismarck and Von Moltke.

I might further note and mark here the beautiful mosaic of race inlaid and blended in the very sanctuary of the temple of our national life. We of Irish blood feel our hearts stir to-night with the saddest of memories, the proudest of traditions, clustering about the fated but unconquerable land of our fathers.

To-night, you honor with us the Shamrock of St. Patrick. Tomorrow we will exchange the green badges, and wear with you those of St. George and St. Andrew—will exchange them, I say, for the

tri-color of France or the emblems of the land of Peter the Great and of Catharine, of Charles XII. and of Gustavus Adolphus, or it may be to drink a health to the great Fatherland with you men of German blood.

This is as it should be. While each still keeps a warm spot in his heart, a tender memory loyal to the Holy Land of Childhood, be that land where it may, or hold what ashes or kindred it may, yet for all of us there is still but one country, one nationality, one flag—the great flag, whose best boast of civilization, whose proudest glory is this: Its folds are still broad enough to shelter and amalgamate every race; grand enough to respect and protect every creed. (Applause.)

Yes, the blood of the world still throbs and thrills in the crimson arteries of the flag of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) The rich red blood of the plain people of all the earth warms the great heart of our God—blended nationality. Europe, the wide world—not England—is now the cradle land of our country.

This is why it is that the broad, thoughtful, true American, no matter whence he came or what his ancestry—will always repudiate any such narrow, mean, unworthy sentiment as that advocated in the hateful, unholy name of American race distinction.

Friendship? Arbitration? Yes; with all the nations alike. God send us peace! May the Prince of Peace now put it into the hearts of men to lift up the white hand of international arbitration—to bend above the clouds darkening around the glorious sunset of the great century some golden bow of promise that war shall be no more forever.

I repeat it. God speed it in our generation that we may look upon the purpling dawn of a brighter and a better day, when

“All peoples’ rights shall be each one’s rule;
And universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the nations.”

Arbitration? Yes, with all the world alike. Discriminating friendship, whether in the name of an “Open Door” or a Closed Temple of Janus—political alliance in any shape or form, with England or any other European power—Never! Never while the deathless memory, the wisdom and the warning of George Washington shall live in the councils or animate the genius and spirit of his cosmopolitan countrymen. In the name, then, of him who was first in peace, first in war, and we trust will always continue

first in the hearts of his countrymen, I ask you, gentlemen, to flavor your wine with this American-Irish sentiment: Confusion to the Treaty, and Contempt for the Traitors! (Applause.)

But I hear some one out of doors whisper: "Oh, of course, this is St. Patrick's day, and the Irish are opposed to everything that is English." By the Rood, not so! When the question is one affecting American interests there can be no distinction of race. No, sir! Let England put a charter of Irish independence in one hand to-night and a treaty of American Alliance in the other, and Americans of Irish blood would scorn them both. Benedict Arnold was not of our blood! (applause). Yes, we would scorn the bribe. If we did not, the soldier spirits of our illustrious dead—of James Shields, of Thomas Francis Meagher, and of Phil Sheridan, would mingle their voices with those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Daniel O'Connell, of Robert Emmet, and of Charles Stewart Parnell, to curse us from their American and Irish graves. (Applause.)

You will pardon my asking your considerate attention for just a moment longer while, in conclusion, I express a hope for Ireland's future.

Though clouds and darkness yet lower upon the fair and brave old land of our fathers, we will not despair for the final victory of Home Rule for Ireland. Behind all the clouds still shines the everlasting sun of Irish hope. I have faith in the reuniting leadership of Ireland. I have faith in the cool, patient, earnest determination of a great people. I have faith in the unswerving steadfastness of America to prove true and unfaltering to every cause she ever espoused. In this age I have faith in the kind of battle Ireland is waging. I have faith, too in all the grand organizations of Irish brotherhood, each in its own way hewing toward the light of Irish independence. I have faith in the newly formed United Irish League. More than all, I have faith in that Eternal Hand that guides the destinies of nations; in Him who marks even the sparrow's fall. Beneath the surface of all human events; deep down in the philosophy of all human affairs; back of the dreams of the speculative, the deeds of the active and the wiles of the ambitious; behind the fall of empires and the rise of peoples—back and behind and beyond them all stands the Eternal Justice of the Living God. Turning aside from the embattled camp of Europe, I look into the solemn quiet of the sanctuary of Ireland's holy altar and I see hanging there a beautiful chaplet, a

glorious tiara—a crown more mystically meaning than any that ever diademed the brow of a nation. Over the first of these chaplets I read: “Ireland received her faith as no other nation ever received it”; over the second, “She has kept that faith as none other ever kept it”; over the third, “She has spread that faith as no other nation ever spread it.” (Applause.)

In this, I have faith. It is the key, the only key that satisfactorily unlocks the most singular of all histories. As nations have no eternity, there must, in the logic of divine economy, be for them reward or punishment in time. In this I have faith for Ireland’s future. She seems indeed to have reached the summit of her national Calvary, after standing for ages heroically in defense of her faith and her nationality at the pillar in the garden of England’s Gethsemena. So certain as a God of Justice rules in the Heavens, just so sure is it that Ireland’s day of national transfiguration must be at hand.

In this hope, circling the earth to-night, men of our race kneel with their immortal patron, the great St. Patrick, at the throne of freedom’s God and fervently exclaim: “God Save Ireland!” (Applause.)

After the singing of “The Wearing of the Green” by Mr. John T. Brennan, which was heartily applauded, the President said: The next toast is “The United States,” which was to be responded to by Senator Depew. The Senator has sent a despatch to the effect that owing to illness he is unable to be with us to-night. We are fortunate enough to have with us a gentleman who, on short notice has consented to respond to the sentiment—the Hon. Thomas Fitch, formerly of Nevada, now of New York. (Applause).

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS FITCH.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK AND ALL PERSONS PRESENT WHO ARE FRIENDLY TO ST. PATRICK OR ANY OF HIS SONS (laughter): Until a late hour this afternoon I was not expected to address you this evening and I hoped that on this occasion I would be able to enjoy these festivities with my appetite unimpaired and my thirst undiminished with the reflection perturbing me that I might forget my extemporaneous speech (laughter), and I am not satisfied that I acted with wisdom in

agreeing to address you on this topic in the place of the distinguished gentleman, whose sickness we regret, whose absence we deplore, and whose place I take though I cannot hope to fill it. I am not satisfied that I am wise in attempting to place my poor and unpremeditated utterances in contrast with one of those brilliant, philosophical essays, which are so much higher than any mere speech and with which you would have been favored in case Senator Depew had been present; but, as the Irishman said who was at "outs" with his mother-in-law on the occasion of his wife's funeral when the Committee told him that notwithstanding the ill feeling between himself and the old lady he would be obliged to ride in the same carriage with her to the grave, "Well, gentlemen," he said, "if I must I must, but I want you to understand that it destroys all the pleasure of this occasion for me." (Laughter.)

In one particular, Mr. President, St. Patrick resembles me, or rather to speak more accurately, I resemble him—we were neither of us born in Ireland (laughter). He is reputed to have been a native of France and I have generations of ancestors born in Connecticut (laughter). But as the Marquis Lafayette, though born in France, was hailed as an American in spirit and impulse, so am I in the same sense a brevet Irishman for I have always sympathized with the Irish people and the Irish cause (applause); and I may repeat here an introduction that I once heard given by a clergyman at the Cooper Institute in this City on the occasion of a lecture which was delivered for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul by Wendell Phillips (applause). In introducing him the Reverend Father said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure and my privilege to introduce to you to-night the great American orator and agitator, Wendell Phillips, who will speak to you on the subject of the great Irish orator and agitator, Daniel O'Connell (applause), a subject dear to every Irish heart, for I take it that every Irishman loves his native land whether he was born there or not." (Laughter and applause.)

With this brief digression, or rather preface let me pass to the subject to which I am asked to respond—United States. Do we ever stop to consider how much of glory and greatness, how much of achievement and of hope, how much of prosperity and happiness and progress are included within that little compound word? Look at our boundaries. Southward they extend to tropic seas, where the guileless natives of Porto Rico are clamoring for caucuses, and river

and harbor appropriations (laughter) and syndicates and trusts and rings and bosses and high prices for coffee and sugar lands and low rates for United States Senatorships (laughter); northward they reach to where the ultimate star gleams in its gold and crimson setting of northern lights and the sullen sun hangs for but an hour upon the verge of the polar night—a faint reminder of the lost southern clime, while the booming artillery of the Ice-King hails the American pioneers, who in search of wealth are facing polar seas and are unearthing from below, in their search for gold, mammoths with flesh refrigerated by some glacier in an antediluvian epoch and the flesh, after all these ages and ages, seems to be about as fit for human food as some of the Chicago canned beef (laughter and applause); eastward those boundaries extend to where the Atlantic surf comes thundering up the sands of the Bay of Fundy, drowning the protests of the fishermen who object to being packed in a sardine trust (laughter); westward our boundaries are the Indian seas, where, amid groves of palm and isles of balm we are shooting the advantages of civilization and the truths of Christianity into the contumacious and misled followers of that half-cash and half-ninety-day Malay statesman Aguinaldo (laughter); and within those boundaries what have we in the United States? States whose authors and artists and orators and soldiers and statesmen and inventors and engineers have made the age glorious with the splendor of the achievements that they have set like stars on the brow of the nineteenth century; States where education is free, where liberty is secured, where no man doffs his hat to another, except through the courtesy of equals, where no serf's presence dishonors labor and no free man's utterances are choked by the hand of power (applause). We have a nation whose credit reigns at the head of the World's finances, whose flag is respected on land and sea and whose armies, when needed will not be found in barracks as in Europe, where one-seventh of the adult male population is withdrawn from productive industry, but they will swarm from the hives of industry to defend the flag of their country on every shore (applause)—United States, the greatest, freest and most prosperous nation under the light of the Sun. (Applause.)

One of the best results during our late war with Spain, which has been referred to to-night, is that it has brought both masses and classes to an appreciation of the fact that manhood—American man-

hood, the highest quality of American citizenship, is not confined either to the mansions or to the cottages. Courage and honor, those qualities which, as the poet says, "Eagle plume mens' souls and fit them for the Sun," were found everywhere. We beheld millionaires with muscles hardened with athletic sports, and mechanics with brows swarthy with furnace fires, and soft-handed clerks, and hard-handed farmers associated cheerfully, not merely in assailing the enemy, but in packing the wood to the camp-fires and digging in the trenches; we beheld students of Harvard and Yale, accustomed to conjugate Greek verbs, and students of the broncho colleges of the West (laughter) who have been accustomed to exhorting their impenitent animals in unconjugated English verbs, joined together as members of the rough riders—the rough riders, who without any horses to ride or artillery to support them, went forward on foot into the chapparall, yelling with joy at the opportunity to fight for their country upon a sixteen-to-one basis—one rough rider to sixteen Spainards (laughter); we beheld the gallant Sixty-ninth (applause), the first regiment to volunteer under the call for troops from New York (applause), and it was expected of them, for when did an Irishman ever fail to be the first in a fight for the right (hear, hear), and though they were not permitted to join in that contest in the field, but were sent to a Southern camp; they remained there loyally eating their hearts out, and it was about all a good many of them had to eat; we beheld the brave New Yorker who climbed the red path and once more linked to immortality the great names of Hamilton and of Fish (applause); we beheld my personal friend, Bucky O'Neill (applause), who ventured life to win a star and death placed it upon his brow, where he died for his country. I remember—and it may not, perhaps, be inappropriate to relate it here—an anecdote told of his father, who was a Captain of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, and during the war of the Rebellion it was said that at one of the battles where a charge was ordered of a most desperate character, and the troops—some of them—were a little reluctant to proceed further with that degree of vigor which he desired, he rushed far beyond the front and said, "Come on, boys; come on; come on. Good God, do you want to live forever?" (Laughter and applause.) We beheld the gallant North Carolinian, who emerged, like Neptune, from the waves in undress uniform, and defying at once the Raines Law, the Women's Christian Temperance

Union (laughter), and the Spanish officers, demanded a drink of whiskey for each of the dripping heroes who followed Richmond P. Hobson. More power to him, and who shall deny him the right to kiss every girl between the Sacramento and the Hudson that may want to be kissed by him (laughter). We beheld the Vermonter, whose guns at Manila thundered the birth anthem of a new empire, composed by George Dewey (applause). We beheld the end of Spanish domination on this continent, brought about by the men behind the guns, and I don't care whether it was under the leadership of Sampson or the leadership of Schley. We beheld the Alabamian, who carried the weight of sixty-two years up a tree—(cries of "Wheeler")—and when he came down led the advance and bared his breast to the iron hail, and made the hearts of patriots of whatever party, of whatever section, glad that at last the maple and the magnolia, the palm and the pine, had entwined their foliage around the figure of little, old Fighting Joe Wheeler—(applause)—and every Jackie who stood behind the guns, and every soldier, regular or volunteer, black or white, who moved forward to wounds and death; and every woman who extended help or sympathy to our heroes, from her whose benefactions made every man in the nation say, "God bless Helen Gould"—(applause)—from her up to the humblest mother or sister or sweetheart or wife, who choked back the blinding tears to bid good-bye and Godspeed to her hero—all these have helped to elevate the standard of this American nation, and to place us high in the World's esteem. (Applause.)

I am reminded that there is still another gain that this war has brought to our Country and to the Nation. Sons of St. Patrick, you are also Americans and my toast is "The United States." No man in proportion to his abilities has said harder things than I have for many years against the British government for its treatment of Ireland. I have helped to give a twist to the tail of the British Lion whenever I could—and he well deserved the twisting—but I must remember that in the hour of our peril, when the war with Spain was inaugurated, when France hesitated and Russia stood aloof, and Germany was sullen, and Austria almost dared to menace us, and we stood in great danger of an alliance of the powers of Continental Europe against us, I remember how suddenly the great heart of the English people, the Irish people—always with us—and the Scotch people, welled in one mighty gush of sympathy, and the

British government robed itself in the ermine of the High Chancellor of Nations and said to the waiting conspirators: "We forbid you from giving aid or comfort to this dying despotism of Spain in its war with the United States." I remember how it stretched forth the strong arm of its injunctive power and said: "We bid you take instant heed of our injunction, for if you ally yourselves against the Americans, we will ally ourselves with them,

‘ ———and wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake, and his menace be
void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong, young land, and we are lords of the
Main.’ ”

And it is from this fact that I draw the brightest auguries for the future of Ireland. Once the sense of justice of the Anglo-Saxon is roused, he does not go groping amid the ashes of bygone fires of hatred to find some embers which he can blow into life—he does not find in the wrong-doing of his fathers an excuse for perpetuating injustice in the present, but he keeps step with his age; and the very outgushing of the great English heart toward us in our crisis, leads me to believe—because great movements come upon us suddenly—that the hour is close at hand when the great loyal, just heart of the people of England will say, "The sympathies that we extended across the broad Atlantic, we can extend across the narrow Irish Channel, and we say now to Ireland 'take, not from our fears, but from our awakened sense of justice—take the rights you crave, take autonomy, take home rule, take every privilege that every Englishman enjoys anywhere.' " (Applause.)

But I am reminded that Polonius said, and said very wisely, that "brevity is the soul of wit."

I am reminded of a banquet that was once given in a Western city by a society of plasterers. The year had been exceedingly prosperous, and the banquet was first class in every particular, with a lengthy menu, and orators more numerous, and probably more lengthy even than I have been to-night (laughter), and they were obliged to begin the speaking before all the courses were served, and while Mr. Moriarty was on his feet addressing his fellow citizens upon the outrages and wrongs that Wall street was committing upon them, there came upon the table dishes of an exceedingly strong, frozen egg-nogg. Mr. Moriarty's friend who sat by his side, tasted of the delicious com-

pound and an expression of delight and gratitude stole over his features and he immediately reached out and plucked the orator by the tail of his coat. "Mike," said he, "cut it short ; there's whiskey in the ice crame." (Laughter).

Gentlemen, this banquet is neither poor, nor pious, nor, I take it, political, and I deem the occasion unfitting for me to express any views with reference to problems that have come upon us in consequence of the acquisition of new territory. I have faith that these problems will be wisely and justly solved. Whether we shall adopt Mr. Dooley's method of the solution, which is, "with regards to the fruits of victory we should keep all that is ripe for ourselves and give the balance to the enemy" (laughter), "and I am in favor," said he, "of taking up the white man's burden and then putting it on the shoulders of the coon" (laughter). Whatever course may be adopted I have faith and belief that the genius of America will lead her sons to the adoption of a policy that will be right and just and best for the honor and glory and prosperity of this great country. I cannot tell how it will be done. I know that as we walk the earth at midday when the broad expanse of the Heavens is unlit by the sparkle of a single star, our earth seems the lonely satrap of space chained to the mighty chariot of the sun, and yet I know that Mars still holds his course, that Saturn still circles amid his attendant orbs ; that Jupiter is flashing upon the confines of light, and that when the centripetal force shall once more whirl us into the presence of the night, we will again behold our companion worlds as they journey in shining splendor upon their eternal round, and so, though I cannot determine the methods, I know that our country will press forward ever in the direction of justice and liberty 'till

" Wrapped in flame the realms of ether glow
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

(Loud and continued applause.)

THE PRESIDENT : Gentlemen, the next toast, that of "Ireland," will be responded to by a gentleman who, at great personal inconvenience, has come here this evening to do us this honor. I take great pleasure in presenting to you the Rev. Dr. Strobridge. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF REV. G. E. STROBRIDGE.

Mr. President, gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and friends : I am sure you are all, after what you have just heard, true converts to the extemporaneous form of address, and I am sure also you are ready to agree that probably there is no other nation on the face of the earth besides the United States, nor any part of it except Connecticut, that could furnish on short notice a man so thoroughly "loaded for b'ar." Also it seems to me, gentlemen, that you will agree that with marvellous wise forethought the committee on this programme arranged that the sentiment, "Ireland," should be responded to immediately after that of the United States, for surely it is in our hearts to say that Ireland and the United States are, and always ought to be, Siamese twins (applause). When I saw you a little while ago waving these two flags together, I thought to myself, how beautiful they look—beautiful each one, especially beautiful together—the flag of a people that are free and the flag of a people that ought to be free. (Applause.)

Not long ago, a speaker in this city publicly declared, that the Irish could not be educated. Almost in the same breath, he said that he was an Irishman himself. This being so, we are bound to agree that there is then one Irishman that cannot be educated. (Laughter.)

What ! The Irish cannot be educated ! Why Ireland is the only country on record where the children in their poverty have been known to acquire reading, writing and arithmetic without a book, or pen, or slate. A graveyard was their school-house, the inscriptions on the monuments furnished the letters, bits of chalk and the long, flat tombstones did the rest. What ! The Irish cannot be educated ! It is in this land also that the men and the women in their eagerness to learn, too poor for candles, studied by moonlight. These were the descendants of that race which made Ireland a seat of learning when Europe was under the hoof of the Vandal. Shakespeare causes Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, to swear by St. Patrick. And the critic explains the historical accuracy of Shakespeare in this respect, by the remark that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland ; as Sam. Johnson declares, she "was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." And Thomas Arnold, the celebrated Head Master of Rugby School, England, says "The Celts were never savages."

Readily may we agree that a people paying such careful attention to higher training, would produce many great men. Nor is our search in this direction disappointed. During the period when Ireland was groaning and groping in the darkest night of her political oppression, she gave to the world Swift, Sterne, Steele in literature, Boyle and Berkley in philosophy, Parnell and Goldsmith in poetry, Burke, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran in oratory. Jeffrey, a Scotchman, educated at Oxford, in his essay on *The English Language*, attributes its present perfection principally to the genius of that justly renowned Irishman, Edmund Burke, and some others of his countrymen.

By misfortunes which we must believe cannot be charged to Providence, Ireland has been, in large measure, forbidden to illuminate the pages of her own history with the names of her sons, but their worth and exploits shine in the annals of many other lands. At a most delicate point in the history of the present Republic, France was wise enough to select for her real first president a man of Irish descent and a brave soldier, Marshall McMahan. William E. H. Lecky, a writer of our own times, who has brought fame to the English tongue, whose *History of Morals* is a text-book in more than one German university, was born near Dublin. When England would find the man who had himself never been beaten, the one man of all Europe who could match and overmaster Napoleon, she sent to Ireland for the Duke of Wellington, and wrote Waterloo on her scrolls of fame. And when she would find a man that could perform like our own Dewey at Manila, sail boldly into a hostile harbor, past frowning batteries, over hidden mines, and sink and destroy an enemy's fleet, it was to an old Galway family she must go and get one of her bravest admirals, Robert Blake. Macauley is right when he describes Ireland as "an inhaustible nursery of gallant soldiers." Another with equal truth has said, "Ireland has given soldiers and statesmen to every country from Spain to Russia."

But it is upon this land that Ireland, with a native fondness for our liberties and a love for our institutions, has bestowed the noblest of her sons and the most valuable of her services. One of the old-time members of this society, The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, was Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress, and of every Congress from 1774 to 1789, a man who has been described as the life of the Continental Congress, a man of such integrity and truthfulness, that it was a common saying, "That a thing was as

true as if Charles Thomson has said it." Another member in the early times was Christopher Colles. He was the first to suggest that New York be supplied with pure and wholesome water. He even went so far as to undertake to build a reservoir. He, too, was the first to propose the building of the Erie Canal, and this, another man of the Irish stock, and a member of this society, Gov. DeWitt Clinton, carried out. Nor may we forget another of the first members of this society, Gen. Matthew Irwin, a Revolutionary soldier and especially active in raising money to relieve the distress of the troops at Valley Forge, giving himself, \$25,000, a large sum for even these times, but then, immense.

The Irish of those days were the earliest to pronounce for the throwing off of the British tyranny. According to Bancroft the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain, came not from New England, nor New York, but from Virginia, and was uttered not by the Puritans, nor the Dutch, but by the Irish. (Applause.)

As on this side of the water, so on that, it was Ireland that at this time declared for liberty and representative government. Edmund Burke it was that stood prominently forward in the British Parliament, and with masterful eloquence and invincible logic, resisted the Crown and its ministers in the oppression of these colonies. It is on record that he appears to have been the only man of Parliament, who fully comprehended the dangers that threatened the American people. Concerning one of Burke's speeches, Fox says, "Let gentlemen read this speech by day and meditate upon it by night, and they will learn that representation is the sovereign remedy for every evil."

The associate of Burke in Parliament in opposing the despotic acts of the king and his counsellors, was that noble Englishman, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Now, in our gratitude, we have here in our city remembered these services and named one of our squares after him. But thus far, we have neglected the memory of Burke. Let us correct this at once; let us have a street or a boulevard, or better still, a square named after this peerless Irishman.

Time would fail me to call over the names of the sons of Erin who have given this country fame, both at home and abroad. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who bestowed eminence upon this land in medicine and philanthropy;

Copley, one of the first of American artists ; Horace Greeley, a prince among American journalists ; and Robert Fulton, who put this country to the fore in world-revolutionizing inventions, were all of Irish descent. Gen. Richard Montgomery, who captured Quebec, Molly Pitcher, who could have captured anything, Mad Anthony Wayne, before whom Ticonderoga fell, Gen. Henry Knox, Washington's Chief of Artillery, and his personal and beloved friend, were all of Irish blood.

Nor has the military spirit died out in this race in these later days, as witness the full ranks of Irishmen, like our own gallant Sixty-ninth, eager in their hastening to the front in the war with Spain. And in the War of the Rebellion, is there any exploit that is likely to last longer in story and song than the turning of the tide at Cedar Creek ? As it took one Irishman, Wellington, to accomplish the Peninsular Campaign, and as it took another Irishman, Napier, to write it up ; so it took an Irishman, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, to achieve the marvelous feat of riding twenty miles and changing disaster into victory ; and it took another Irishman, T. Buchanan Read, to celebrate the performance in the immortal poem of "Sheridan's Ride."

Famous, in this land, as Ireland has made herself in science, art, discovery and war, she has been equally prominent in statesmanship. She has given us seven Presidents, James Buchanan, and James K. Polk, of whom the best that can be said is that they were of Irish stock. So too were Chester A. Arthur who deftly and skilfully guided the ship of State, when her pilot was suddenly and cruelly stricken at the wheel ; James Madison, one of the writers of the renowned Federalist papers, and a prime mover in the formation of the Constitution ; and James Monroe, whose famous doctrine has proved a bulwark for free institutions on this side of the Atlantic. Add to these Andrew Jackson, who thrashed the British at New Orleans, "Old Hickory" as he was styled, a real sprig of a shilalah itself. And what of McKinley ? Where does he get that "Mc." from in his name ? Well you may be sure that he gets it from the right place, it shows what kind of blood he has in his veins. Aye, and this man who has in these recent and trying times, proved himself to be wise without ostentation, patient, yet alert, aggressive, yet self-contained, energetic without excitement ; courteous, courageous, correct ; with the eye of a statesman, the heart of a philanthropist, the passion of a patriot, the will of a conqueror ; standing

before us so commanding, so splendid, that the shafts of criticism aimed at him, fall at his feet in bouquets of admiration—this man, our President, William McKinley, is also a shoot from the same “ould sod.” (Applause.)

Yes, and gentlemen, I believe it is safe for me in this presence to say, that we ought to have had one other Irishman in the Presidential chair, “The Plumed Knight,” the king over them all, James G. Blaine. And with him, associated as President of the U. S. Senate, we would have had still another Irishman, General John A. Logan.

This country has ever been especially endeared to the sons of Erin, because here they have always been altogether unembarrassed in the enjoyment and practice of their religious beliefs. Early in the history of the Christian Church it was taught by Tertullian, that “Everybody has a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to his conviction.” Justin Martyr teaches that “Religion cannot be imposed by force.” And Chrysostom declares “It is not permitted Christians to overthrow error by constraint and violence. They are to work the salvation of men by persuasion, by reason, by gentleness.” Such sentiments as these have ever been dear to the heart of the Irish. Ireland enjoys the justly enviable fame of being the only land on the face of the globe where the gospel has been planted, spread, and taken entire possession without any persecution or bloodshed whatever. And in this country, the first of the colonies to embody the principles of religious toleration in its charter, was Maryland, founded by that liberal minded man, Lord Baltimore, at one time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the colony being peopled largely by the Irish. Again, at a time when nearly all the other colonies imposed religious tests upon civil office-holders, Virginia came to the front in declaring for absolute religious freedom, and thus led the way to the complete separation of church and state in this land, and all this chiefly through the voice and pen of that grand Irishman, James Madison. (Applause.)

But the most remarkable instance of the tolerant spirit ever recorded in history, stands also to the credit of Ireland. In May and June of the year 1709, the citizens of London were surprised to learn that 5,000 men, women and children, Germans from the Rhine, were under tents in the suburbs of the city. By October the number had increased to 13,000. They were the Palatines, Protestants, who had been driven out of their country on account of their re-

ligion. England was distressed to know what to do with them. Just then an invitation came from Ireland to send some of them over there, and nearly 4,000 of them were transported across the Irish Sea and settled in Munster, near Limerick. Thus these refugees, who were of a religious persuasion utterly averse to that of the Irish, who had fled from those who were of the same belief as the Irish, were by these same Irish received and lovingly cared for, as though they had been their own brothers and sisters in the faith.

Because such an incident as this has happened once in the history of this selfish and sin-scarred world, we dare to hope large and better things for our race. Because it has happened only once, we write the name of Ireland highest on the monument erected in honor of the principles of toleration. (Applause.)

Such an act as this just noted is only, however, what might have been expected, for the gloomy visage of bigotry and the cruel spirit of persecution would not accord well with the natural and irrepressible good-humor of the Irish. As a people they do not seem to be in the world to sadden or depress it, but the rather to lighten its burdens by their gaiety. So elastic is their cheerfulness that even the weather which affects everyone else, makes no impression upon them. As has been said, "It is in vain that it rains all day, day after day, in the west or southwest of Ireland. The Irishman is not to be daunted by that, but is as gay and pleasant as if he basked in Neapolitan sunshine."

We are told that the poem, "Oft in the Stilly Night," written by Tom Moore, one of Ireland's greatest poets, styled sometimes the Petrarch of Ireland, it is said, that this poem was produced by Moore after his family had undergone apparently every possible misfortune. One of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed. The wail of these sorrows can be readily heard in the sobbing lines of the poem. In like manner the afflictions of Ireland have been the burden of many of her bards, and the chords of her harp have often quivered with pain. And yet, in spite of it all, with a resilience characteristic of no other people, she has risen above her misfortunes, and enlivened the world with her happy songs, and wakened it to a pleased attention by the explosions of her merriment. (Applause.)

God bless Ireland! wiping away her own tears, that she may add to the light of the world by her genial smile; hushing her sobs, that she

may add to the music of the world by her glad songs; checking her groans, that she may add to the cheer of the world by her hearty laughter.

God bless Ireland! the land of a cordial, generous, buoyant people; the land of impulsive, warm-hearted men, and fair, pure-minded women. He who has lived to middle life and has not learned to love an Irishman has lost largely in his education. And in this presence it gives me special pleasure to say that one of my dearest friends is an Irishman, and as you may well imagine, I am all the happier for being here to-night, that he is now in this room.

God bless Old Ireland! Her harp has been strung by bleeding hands, gusts of battle have torn through its chords, tears have softened its notes. But we wait in confidence until that time shall come, when the sons and daughters of Erin assembled about that harp floating on its flag of green, shall sing together—

“O, Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet forever young!
Thou our mother, home and sireland—
Thou at length hast found a tongue—
Proudly thou. at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.

Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world.”

(Great applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, the next toast is “The Army and Navy.” I have the following despatch which I will read: “Exceedingly sorry, but it is absolutely impossible to get away, so I cannot attend dinner. Regret more that I can say. Theodore Roosevelt.” I suggest, as a substitute, that we all rise and drink standing to The Army and Navy.

The sentiment having been duly honored, the President again rose and said: Gentlemen, the last regular toast of the evening is that of “The State of New York,” and it is a matter of congratulation that we have here with us to-night the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals to whom I am sure you will all be delighted to give a hearty welcome—the Hon. Alton B. Parker. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. ALTON B. PARKER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK : When I listened to the thoughtful and patriotic address of your president, I was nevertheless reminded by one passage of a little story that the elevator boy in the Capitol told me the other day. He said there was in the Capitol at work now a young Irish boy who had been over only about five months, and had not yet reached that point, I take it, where he was fond of being called an American citizen, and so the other boys at the Capitol were accustomed to chaff him a little. It appears that the day before they were boasting of the Americans and what an American was as compared with an Irishman, and they irritated the young fellow, and he says : "I will tell you what you Americans are—you are English and Germans, and Hollanders, and Italians, and Niggers, but we Irish are just one real people." (Laughter.)

The privilege of addressing your association was tendered me through the telephone by your president (laughter), and I must admit that the manner and time of the tender rather indicated that it lacked that deliberate premeditation which is essential for the conviction in the first degree of one of the greatest crimes known to the State (laughter). As I came out of the court-room about six o'clock I was notified that I was wanted at the telephone, and upon going to it I immediately recognized the familiar tones of my friend, the Judge, and the conversation which took place ran something like this : "I wish you would come down to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on Friday night to respond to the toast of "The State and the Judiciary," and the reply was : "Well, Judge, you know I would do almost anything in the world to oblige you, but really you know that my post-prandial efforts have not of late been attended with such a measure of success as would justify further attempts" (laughter), and this was the reply, "Oh, I know it" (laughter), "but then with such a large subject you can at least talk five minutes, and I don't want you to talk any longer" (loud laughter, and a voice "we do"). Well, of course, I surrendered.

Now, I had occasion only a short time ago to respond in behalf of part of the judiciary of the State, namely the Court of Appeals, and as I thought I had discovered one of the secrets of the success of a favorite after-dinner orator—and the favorite after-dinner orator of this Society until to-night, and of nearly all the other dining societies

in this vicinity—which was to arouse the attention and secure the interest of your audience by opening with a good story. I commenced my speech with a story, the hero of which was a man by the name of Schoonmaker, whose son was on one of those rare occasions when Tammany Hall has been in power in this city (laughter) appointed a policeman; and the story took fairly well. But imagine my discomfiture when, a little later, Senator Grady arose to respond to the toast, “The Senate of the State of New York,” and he commenced his address by challenging the truthfulness of my story. “Why,” he said, “Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in asserting that the story of the gentleman is not true. Tammany Hall was never guilty of appointing a man by the name of Schoonmaker.” (Laughter.)

Notwithstanding the unfortunate result of my attempt at storytelling, I must confess that I enjoyed not a little satisfaction after all in responding for the Court of Appeals. It is true that they had not consented to my thus representing them, and it is quite likely that if I had asked for permission I would have been requested, out of their usual caution, to reduce my views to writing (laughter), and in that event it is altogether probable that it might have had the same outcome as some of my other attempts to speak for the Court (laughter)—gone in as a dissent while some other member of the Court spoke forth on entirely different lines. (Laughter.)

Now, while I would like to speak for the Court on this occasion—because it is so far away that it could not possibly say me nay—there is not a single man here to object that my utterances are not supported in Johnson, Wendel and Barbour, to say nothing of the Appellate Division Reports and those of the Court of Appeals—still it is not within my heart to cast aside the first, and probably the last, opportunity that I shall have to respond for the State. While it is true that the judiciary constitutes one of the three departments of government, it is seldom that a member of the judiciary is invited to respond for the whole State. Usually the Governor, or some member of the legislative body, is called upon to speak to this toast, and I shall take great pleasure in taking their place on this occasion; and in what I shall have to say in the few minutes that remain to me of the five minutes which the Judge accorded me, I shall imagine myself as representing the Governor and representing the Legislature, and for convenience in the course of what I shall say I shall use the word “we” as including them all.

To begin with, let me premise that the fact that we are not all here to-night is not our fault ; it is very probable that some part of it may be yours ; but I want you to accept our distinct assurances that we understand as well as our A, B, C, that at the annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick there are always to be found the best of good fellows, the most delightful speakers, always barring a single exception which is necessary to prove the rule, and a dinner—such a dinner as prevents you from comparing it with any other for at least a year (laughter and applause). But notwithstanding the great dinner and the opportunities for good fellowship which it affords, I beg to assure you that it has no temptation to take us away, even for a single evening, from the discharge of the vast responsibilities which rest upon us ; and as, in the discharge of these obligations, we are accustomed to invite the assistance of all good citizens, including you, I shall take occasion just for a few moments to call your attention to some of the matters which are now seriously engaging us.

In the first place I wish to call your attention to the question of biennial sessions of the legislature. Now, there are citizens, who unmindful, it seems to me, of the great indignity which they put upon us legislators, insist that we ought to, by our votes, submit a proposition to the people to biennially suppress us. Now, on the other hand there are those who say that there never has been a year in the history of the State of New York, and that there never will be a year, in which there will not be an occasion for good and wholesome legislation ; and those people speak rather more in accord with the views of some of us. It is decidedly more pleasant for us to hear them say that there may be occasion for us to stay at Albany where we are rather fond of engaging in these vast responsibilities, but when we think of it—when we think of the indignity that we have suffered because of the suggestion that we are not wanted there, that we have too much legislation, and some that we have is mischievous and bad, we are very much in the frame of mind of old Silas Fairbanks up in Jefferson County, who for a long time was a client of Judge O'Brien of the Court of Appeals. Now, Silas was a very good man indeed to his family, a good man to his neighbors, but nevertheless he was fond of getting into litigation and he indulged in a very great deal of profanity, so that the good people of that locality were very much afraid, now that he was in what they regarded as his last illness, that his possibilities “beyond the river” were not altogether favorable,

and they had a meeting—what they called a protracted meeting in the village, and the people became very much interested in the salvation of the souls of some of their neighbors, and some of the women thought that they ought to take an interest in Silas Fairbanks, and so one of them went up to see him one morning, and found him, as he had been for some months, in bed, so she said to him, after inquiring after his health—manifesting a tender interest in him—“Silas, now don’t you think you ought to have a new heart?” Said Silas “I don’t care a damn about a new heart. What I want is a new liver.” (Laughter).

Well then, there is the Erie Canal for instance. You may have heard of it. Apparently it has sprung a leak, and it is said that it will cost in the neighborhood of sixteen millions of dollars to stop that leak. Now, if we propose that we set about raising the sixteen millions in order to repair it or examine it, we get greeted with cries of “no use,” accompanied by the assertion that the canal has outlived its usefulness and that it should be abandoned; but if, on the other hand, we propose that we ought to take steps to abandon the canal because it is worthless, because it does not keep pace with the present, then at once it is asserted that we are traitors to our constituents and are speaking in the interests of the railroads. Now, what would you advise? What can we do in such a situation as that? (Laughter.) Shall we let it go, realizing, as we do, that perhaps the day will soon come when it will be said that the Erie Canal was founded by Clinton but foundered by us?

Well then, there is the Amsterdam avenue. I believe it is situated somewhere in this town. How we wish there never was such an avenue! It has given us a great deal of trouble. Daily there stalks upon us something that they call vested interests which insist that we must not interfere, and then again we are threatened with what is called an attempt to exercise the constitutional right of petition a la General Coxie, with this difference—that Dr. Peter’s petitioners travel by train instead of on foot, as did General Coxie’s. (Laughter.)

And then again there are the police bills. On the one hand it is insisted that they are in violation of the principle of home rule which your charter seems to preserve, and again in support of the bills it is asserted, with equal assurance, that the political wickedness of the people in this town is such as to justify such a violation of the

home rule principle. Now, what are we to do in such a situation as this?

We have other questions. But the time is running away; my five minutes is past, and while I would like to call your attention to some of the questions which bring to us real distress of mind and heart, I shall close by saying that while I have omitted, as I believe is the custom on the part of all those who respond for the State, to call your attention to the size of the State, its teeming population, its vast wealth and its glorious past, my reason mainly for passing it over is in order that you may understand and appreciate to some extent the reason for our shortcomings, if so you deem them, and, in the charity of your hearts, find a place for us at your table another year. (Loud applause.)

Places where the Anniversary Dinners of the Society have been
held since its Organization to the present time.

- 1784 Cape's Tavern. [Now No. 115 Broadway.]
 1785 The Coffee House. [Mr. Bradford's, in Water Street, near
Wall Street.]
 1786 The Coffee House.
 1787 The Coffee House.
 1788 Merchants' Coffee House. [S. E. Cor. Wall and Water
Streets.]
 1789 }
 TO } The City Tavern. [No. 115 Broadway.]
 1794 }
 1795 }
 TO } The Tontine Coffee House. [N. W. Cor. Wall and Water
 1803 } Streets.]
 1804 The Old Coffee House. [In Water Street, near Wall Street.]
 1805 The Tontine Coffee House.
 1806 The Tontine Coffee House.
 1807 Phoenix Coffee House. [Wall Street.]
 1808 Mechanics' Hall. [N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park Place.]
 1809 }
 TO } The Tontine Coffee House.
 1815 }
 1816 Washington Hall. [Now No. 280 Broadway.]
 1817 The Tontine Coffee House.
 1818 }
 TO } The Bank Coffee House. [S. E. Cor. Pine and William
 1832 } Streets.]
 1833 The City Hotel. [No. 115 Broadway.]
 1834 The City Hotel.
 1835 The City Hotel.
 1836 Washington Hotel. [No. 1 Broadway.]
 1837 Washington Hotel.
 1838 Carlton House. [N. E. Cor. Broadway and Leonard Streets.]
 1839 City Hotel.
 1840 Niblo's Tavern. [Broadway and Prince Streets.]
 1841 }
 TO } City Hotel.
 1846 }

- 1847 }
 AND } No dinners—Irish famine years.
 1848 }
- 1849 City Hotel.
- 1850 Delmonico's Hotel. [William Street.]
- 1851 }
 TO } Astor House.
 1856 }
- 1857 }
 TO } Metropolitan Hotel.
 1862 }
- 1863 Delmonico's. [Broadway and Chambers street.]
- 1864 }
 TO } Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
 1868 }
- 1869 St. James Hotel.
- 1870 St. James Hotel.
- 1871 Hoffman House.
- 1872 Hotel Brunswick.
- 1873 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1874 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1875 Hoffman House.
- 1876 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1877 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1878 Metropolitan Hotel.
- 1879 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1880 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]
- 1881 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]
- 1882 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]
- 1883 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]
- 1884 Hotel Brunswick.
- 1885 }
 TO } Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]
 1895 }
- 1896 Hotel Savoy.
- 1897 Waldorf.
- 1898 Waldorf-Astoria.
- 1899 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.]

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
115th ANNIVERSARY DINNER
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,
AT
DELMONICO'S,
MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1899.



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